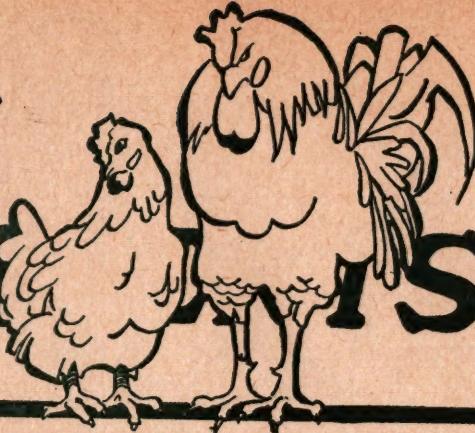


# THE STU<sup>1</sup>RS<sup>EN</sup>

A cartoon illustration of three chickens. One large, white, fluffy chicken stands prominently in the center. Behind it is a smaller, brown chicken, and to its left is another smaller, brown chicken. They are all standing on a dark, horizontal line.

APRIL

1940



April, 1940

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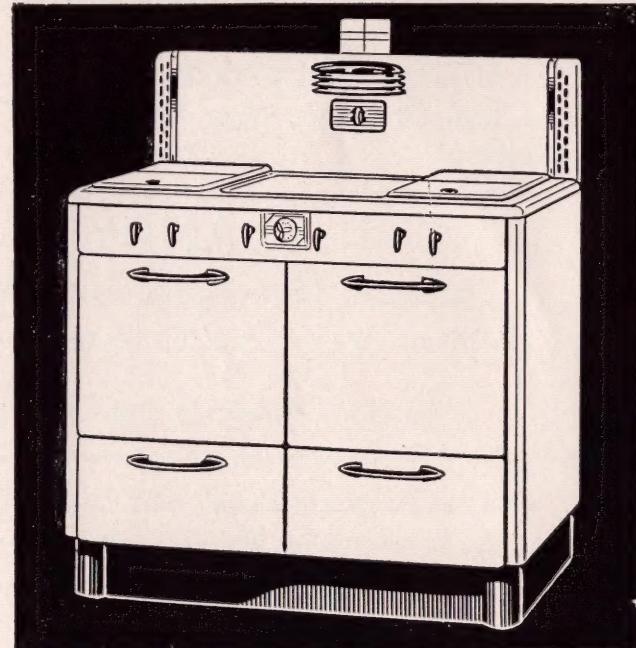
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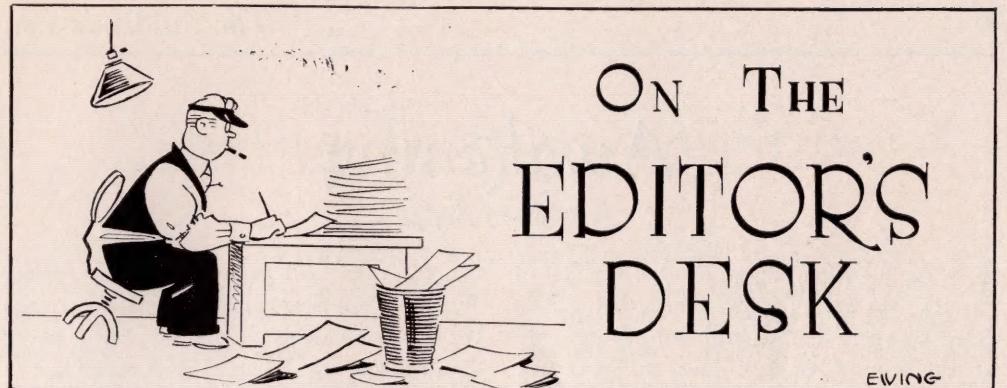
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## ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

EWING

### *On the Rights of Men*

By Bruce Hainsworth

IT'S a woman's world. If you don't believe it, just look around and see who are really running this cock-eyed world. There are women doctors and women lawyers; there are women professors and women wrestlers. There's even a woman in the executive cabinet. And if you care for statistics, over fifty per cent of the property in the United States belongs to women.

It all started when some knights in a daze established the code of chivalry. (We call it a "code" because no one can understand it.) According to this system, men, because "they are better able to take care of themselves" (!) are supposed to protect, aid, and serve womankind. Chivalry may have had something to recommend it—in the twelfth century. Then the girl was a dainty frail, wisp who had to be protected from life's every hazard, and the knights had nothing to do but wait on these little parasites. But the age of romanticism is past and gone; this is an era of realism. No longer must the girls be sheltered; no longer can men make a business of waiting on their whims.

Yet today, under this antiquated system, males are pushed around as never before. A gay young thing, coming from the corner hair-dressing establishment, trips onto the 5:15 bus. The seats are all taken, but that doesn't bother *her*; she smiles. A poor fellow, although tired from the day's work,

wearily drags himself up to his full height, musters a sickly grin, and offers his seat on the altar of chivalry. Her thoughts concentrated solely on that empty seat, the young lady soullessly sinks her spike heel into his instep as she daintily lunges for the vacancy.

Or perhaps two cars are proceeding in the same direction along a country road. It is spring, and there are huge drifts of snow on either side. The first car sways, swerves, skids, and lands deep in a snowbank. Obviously a woman is driving. Ah, but the other car, deftly managed, comes to a swift, sure stop, and a young gentleman jumps out. Producing a chain of sorts, he links the cars together; gently easing his car into reverse, he extricates the other car in short order. Amply (!) rewarded for this negligible service by a fleeting smile, he resumes his journey at a safe distance behind the careening vehicle of his beneficiary. What if the gentleman had an important engagement—what if he were in a hurry? He had to help, to wait, to follow. "Ladies First," you know.

History tells us that during the past century the women of America have waged a relentless battle to obtain all the privileges of men—"equal rights." But we haven't heard much about this movement lately. Why? Obviously because long ago they attained equal status with men. Let's arise, men! Let's start our own crusade for "equal rights"!

## Awakening

By Winifred Aitchison

I WAS all alone skiing on what was left of the wet spring snow, which, being sheltered by the tall trees, still clung stubbornly to the narrow trail. I love skiing, every breath-taking thrill of it. Only those of you who have experienced the exhilarating feeling which comes close to flying can understand how I could be so mean as to be glad that there was snow for Easter. The thought of the long, wet, soggy spring was irksome, and it was irritating to feel all the perfectly lovely snow melting underfoot. The stupid sun was smiling benignly down from the brilliant blue sky, spitefully scorching the skin on my face and arms to even a darker hue than it had during the winter. Viciously I wished a cloud would come and blot it out, but not one was in sight.

And then suddenly I heard a bird singing, not just chirping, but singing as if its little throat would burst. The trees stirred, lazily stretching their bare arms heavenward, and a rabbit thumped nearby. I could sense the resurrection of life which was taking place beneath my feet. Life seemed to race through the damp brown earth under the snow to the tops of the tallest trees and pulsated new vigor into every brown blade of grass and leafless shrub. The sun fondly kissed the bare twigs, and the new green buds almost burst through the bark. Slowly the bonds of winter relinquished their grasp.

At that moment I felt a deeper meaning in spring, one which had never before occurred to me. It was the rebirth of life which had been dead. The trees and plants and flowers begin to sprout in spring. They grow through the entire summer, finally bringing forth their fruits in the autumn before dying at the beginning of winter. But they do not really

die, for they will grow again next spring. When a plant does wither, it goes down into the earth and sends up new life, but it never dies, proving that its spirit is immortal just as ours are. Nearly all of us start in life on an equal footing; each one has his own sphere to fill. Some accomplishments will lie hidden as violets among the leaves; others will stand as mighty oaks towering over their contemporaries; while still others will be mere blades of grass, but they will make beautiful lawns. Of course there will be poison ivy, but even it has some beauty. At any rate we all live through the spring, summer, autumn and winter of our lives. The fruits which we shall gather in the autumn depend upon the way we develop in spring and summer. When winter does come it will not be for long, for another spring awaits the spirit.

So now as much as I love the winter time that gives you that glad-to-be-alive feeling, I shall not grudge the coming of spring, for I realize that it is the awakening of all the life which has been sleeping through the winter.

### ECCENTRICITY

By Joseph Condon

My memory wandered off one day  
And never did come back,  
So, I've been searching ever since  
In hope I'd find its track.  
But every time I think that I  
Have found a single clue,  
I'm right back where I started from;  
I don't know what to do.

April, 1940

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## Spring Is Here to Stay

By Helen Organ

“SPRING is here to stay, da dum de dum dum,” hummed Lee as she hopped down the steps of dear old H. H. S. “What a lovely day. Hey! June, Wait a sec.”

“Hi, Lee, goin’ home?” asked June, shifting her books to the other arm.

“Yes, isn’t it lovely out?” smiled Lee. “Just like a day in spring.”

“Well, it should be,” answered June, “today’s the twenty-first. Say, what are you doing this after-?”

“Guess I’ll go for a walk,” remarked Lee, “Want to come? Maybe we can find some signs of spring.”

“Nope, I’ve got to take care of Butch,” said June, stopping at her gate. “Here comes Jimmy. So long. I’ll see you later,” she finished, waving to her younger brother, Butch.

Having left Jimmy at her gate, Lee hurried into the house. She’d put on her old clothes and see if the pussywillows were out down by the old mill. Today was too lovely to stay cooped up in the house. Besides she had an awful headache from that Latin test. School sure was strenuous. Fifteen minutes later Lee unlatched the gate and started on her one girl exploration trip. The sky was as blue as that new evening gown in Statler’s window—the one she was crazy about—and the snow was almost gone. As she turned a corner she came upon three little girls playing jump rope, chanting “Not Last Night but the Night Before,” and farther along a tricycle race was being held, her brother acting as manager. “Sure signs of spring,” mused Lee, clomping through the fields. Everything was bright and sunny, and she began her search hopefully. As the afternoon wore on, however, and the sun went down with no pussywillows in sight, Lee was disgusted. Her feet were wet where she

had slipped while trying to jump Jones’ creek; her hands were cold, her nose raw, her head ached, and every time she shut her eyes she saw pussywillows. Finally giving up, she staggered home cold, wet, and weary. “Spring! my eye!” she thought and she had dreams of picnics and swims. Why, just to think of water made her shiver. Quietly she crept into the house and upstairs. Dragging off her wet things, she climbed wearily into bed. Maybe she’d feel better in the morning.

Lee was all bundled up in blankets when June came in later that evening. With the aid of her mother and Mammy, the colored maid, she had taken a hot bath and was now having her throat rubbed while she tried not to taste Mammy’s favorite herb tea, guaranteed to cure anything.

“Well, what’s going on here?” laughed June, looking at Lee. She laughed even harder when Lee answered.

“Do away, I dot a cod in ma head. Don laff; it isn’ K-Ka-Ka-n choo!!! funny.”

“Okay, Mother Nature,” laughed June, “I’ll tell Miss Saben that you won’t be in school tomorrow. I hope you get over that by Friday. The dance is then. Bye. Spring is here to stay, da dum de dum dum,” she sang as she started for home.

“More Vic’s vapor rub or something. Heavens,” thought Lee, “it’ll take weeks to get rid of that smell.”

“Hey Lee,” called little brother Jerry, the brat, “Know sompin’?”

“No whad?” croaked Lee.

“It’s snowing again, and the paper says snow flurries and colder tomorrow,” shouted Jerry gleefully.

“Ain’t that sumpin’! Guess I’ll get my skis out again,” he finished.

“Yeah,” groaned Lee, “an I thought spig was here do ssd-sda-a—choo!!!”

## Portrait of a Yankee

By Pamela Walker

WHENEVER I hear the term "Yankee" I am immediately reminded of my grandfather, a typical New Englander, if there ever was one. He was gifted with that remarkable quality called ingenuity. In other words, he could do anything he set his mind upon, even—or I should say especially—in the face of opposition.

For many years he was in the Massachusetts legislature. Once there was a certain bill, favored by my grandfather, which the governor refused to sign. For others, that might have ended the struggle then and there, but not for a Yankee! Grandfather went to see the governor, a friend of his, and talked to him about the merits of the bill. When Grandfather began to talk about something he wanted, he could (and did, sometimes) talk indefinitely. The governor could see what was going to happen. Finally His Excellency looked up and said, "Joe, if I sign this bill, will you be quiet?"

Whereupon, Grandfather said, "Yes!" and the bill went through.

Grandfather could sell anything—he loved to buy things and sell them again merely for the pleasure of the sales talk he would give. If the article to be sold had a defect, Grandfather pointed it out, but made it seem an asset. Once, someone had given him an old-fashioned iron stove which had an enormous crack in it. When a customer came, Grandfather pointed out the stove with great pride.

"But," said the customer weakly, "it has a big crack in it."

"I should say so, and that's a remarkable thing, too," exclaimed my grandfather. "Now, when you build a fire, the heat will have enough room to expand, and you won't get another crack."

Although he was an excellent salesman, Grandfather was too generous ever to make money. He would leave in the morning with good resolutions to collect some long-owed bills. When he returned, Grandma would say, "Well, dear, how much did you collect?" After much hemming and hawing on Grandfather's part, it would finally come out that he had collected nothing.

"Well, the Jones' cannot even pay their rent, and the Thompson's furnace needs fixing. I couldn't take their money this month," he would say. In spite of all her sighs of protest, I feel sure Grandma was proud of her generous husband and his impracticality.

Grandfather had the rare ability of making others seem responsible for his own mistakes. Upon slamming down a heavy pitcher upon a thin glass tumbler, smashing it to bits, Grandfather would exclaim indignantly to Grandma, "I declare, Mother, but your glasses are fragile!"

Grandfather loved to laugh, and he considered a sense of humor very important in life. He thought a joke was often more efficient than a sermon for producing good results. Once Grandma bought a blouse to which Grandfather took an immediate dislike. The trouble was, it did not "tuck in," as blouses should, but it just "dangled", as he put it. Nothing was said, but next morning Grandfather appeared at the breakfast table, wearing his shirt outside. The blouse was seen no more after that day. A Yankee sense of humor had not only accomplished its purpose, but it had also averted an argument.

I love the Yankee character for its humor, its ingenuity, its generosity, and its irresistibly human wholesomeness, and I am thankful that I have known a real Yankee.

April, 1940

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## "For the Honor and The Glory—"

By Loraine Dakin

THE "Termites" were in a dilemma—No amount of sandwiches or milk could restore their good humor. The most hilarious group of students in Leigh High were sitting in various positions in Woodie Emmett's parlor and talking so quietly that Mrs. Emmett was just on the point of calling Mr. Emmett, when her son, like a miniature cyclone, dashed in.

Immediately bedlam broke out—questions were hurled like so many bombs at the gassing Woodie. Mrs. Emmett smiled in relief and went into the kitchen to escape the noise.

Climbing on a chair, Woodie tried to make himself heard above the racket—but in vain. Finally in desperation he banged on the piano and when there was a brief lull, yelled,

"The special meeting of the Termites is now in order. Will everyone please be seated?" Then in a louder voice, "Hey, will you guys sit down or shall I knock you down?" The noise died down as the fellows and girls once more resumed their former positions. After glancing around at his friends, Woodie said—

"You all know why this meeting was called. There is a rumor that the Termite's Senior Vice-President, and Second Highest Termite, is not planning to attend the Prom with the rest of the gang—" That was as far as he got—

"Is that right—?" called out the secretary.

"Ain't he coming with us?" asked someone else. Once again the living room sounded like a zoo at feeding time.

"Quiet!! Quiet, you mugs!!" yelled Woodie and once again order was restored.

"I know you all want to know whether or not Bill's going with us, so if you guys will just give me a break I'll tell you . . . He's not—" Here a shriek of protest came from

the throat of the secretary, and the boys began to talk excitedly. Bill Robertson was one of the best liked boys of the crowd. Tall, with dark hair and blue eyes, a football player and an accomplished pianist, he was reserved but not to the point of being a social outcast.

"Bill's not going because he doesn't want to take anyone outside the society for fear it will dampen the party. I did everything but get down on my knees but you know how stubborn he is about anything he thinks is right—" Everyone nodded assent, for if it were one characteristic of Bill's they knew from past experiences, it was his dogged determination once he had a set idea about anything.

"What are we going to do?" asked the secretary of the rest.

"What can we do—?" queried another and all dolefully shook their heads. The Termites had been in predicaments before, but this one seemed to them to be the worst yet. They talked for about an hour with no results, no plan for inducing Bill to join them was forthcoming.

At last, in desperation Woodie called the Most Worthy Advisor of the club into the consultation. After listening to the problem, Mrs. Emmett looked at the worried faces about her and decided that something must be done and soon—if the Termites were to get any sleep that night.

"There is only one solution I can see to your problem," she said slowly, "It is something you might not like to do—but it is the only thing I can think of—"

"Oh, we'll do anything to have Bill with us Friday night—"

"But what can we possibly do in four days?" Now the barrage of questions was directed at Mrs. Emmett.

"Now, now," she smiled, "Just let me get my breath and I'll tell you my idea." All was quiet on the western front—

Mrs. Emmett cleared her throat—

"I hardly think you'll like the idea—" she said hesitantly, "but it's the best I can do. You must," she paused as if to gain courage, "You must bring another member into the club." As expected, the storm broke.

"What?" screeched Woodie.

"Nothing doing!" said the secretary.

"Not even for Bill" glared Peggy, "That's too much to ask!"

The next day the Termites were again assembled in Woodie's parlor.

"Termites, rise!" intoned the bailiff—"His Most Exalted Majesty, Head Termite is about to enter."

Woodie came stalking in and took his exalted place on the piano stool.

"Termites, be seated." said the bailiff.

Woodie glanced at the familiar faces about him and his gaze lingered longest on the newcomer in their midst.

"Rise, Candidate," he solemnly intoned "Rise and take the Oath of Allegiance."

Pretty Merion Hebert got uncertainly to her feet and nervously clasped her hands. The dignity of the meeting had quite quelled the mischief in her, and her blue eyes were serious as she repeated the oath and was proclaimed a full-fledged "Termite."

The gang clustered boisterously about her and congratulated her and themselves (for she would grace any club).

"Order! Order!" rapped Woodie.

"Quiet! Quiet!" called the bailiff. "The business is not yet finished—"

"Merry," said Woodie hesitantly, "We don't usually ask a new member to do anything for us—that is, not usually," he stammered. "But, oh, darn it all! We're in an awful fix—Bill isn't going to the Prom with us—and the Termites oughtta all be together. And, oh, gosh! Will you try to

make him take you?" he blurted, very red of face.

Merion looked questioningly at her friends. She was torn between fright and anger. Had they brought her into the club just for this? Had they done right in doing so? She drew a long breath—Even if they had, she ought to be glad she was a Termite—they'd really honored her—

"I'll do my best, Woodie." she said softly in reply.

Apparently lost in thought, she was walking slowly toward school the next morning when someone called her—

"Hi, Merry! Merry Hebert! Wait a second—" and Bill dashed up.

To her dismay she blushed, but he seemed not to notice—

"Hear you're a fellow Termite."

"Uh-huh."

"Glad?"

"Uh-huh."

"What's the matter with you? Ill?"

"Uh-huh—No!" she gasped, coming to."

"Sorry, what were you saying?"

"I said," smiled Bill, "the Prom isn't far off—Going?"

"Uh-uh."

"Like to go with me?"

"M-m-m."

"No fooling?"

"No, no fooling."

"See you right after school. All right?"

"All right," she called after his departing figure. "Whew-w!" she said. "It certainly is a relief to have it over with—Hope he never finds out I was walking so slowly he was bound to catch up with me! If it had been for anything but the honor of the Termites—"

"As if I didn't know why they finally brought her into the club—" growled Bill to himself. "I was going to ask her anyhow—Might as well let 'em think they saved the glory of the Termites through their scheme if it will make them any happier—"

## Tragedy Averted

By Fred Cande

IT had been raining steadily for three days and this, together with the melting snow, had made raging torrents of the rivers around Dexter. Several sections of the town were already inundated. Bob Richards and Dolph Allen, high school seniors and lifelong chums, were walking home from school, preparatory to going to work at the Dexter Globe where both did odd jobs every afternoon, in hopes of getting jobs on the reportorial staff upon their graduation. Bob was the news hound of the two, being able to tell a good story at a glance, while Dolph had the ability to put that news into concise, interesting copy; but as yet their talents had been confined to the little two page paper that they turned out on the school mimeograph each week. As they sloshed homeward through the rain, Bob was telling Dolph of an idea that had been formulating in his mind ever since the rivers had reached the flood stage.

"You remember, Dolph, last summer when we were camping on the river near the new railroad trestle, I told you that I thought the sand at the end near town would wash away if the water got too high, and that end of the trestle would go down. Well—I wouldn't be surprised, what with all the rain we've had, that even if it hasn't given way entirely at that end, it may be so weak it won't support a train. Another thing,—all the engineers are watching the dam, and since the trestle was just finished a year and a half ago and pronounced extra sturdy, they may not have thought to examine it, especially since it's quite a ways out of town and there aren't any roads near it. What do you think?"

"Maybe you're right at that. I'll tell you

what! We'll go out there after supper tonight. I'll get Dad's car and we can drive out to the Jenkins farm, and from there we can hike through the woods up to the trestle."

About eight o'clock that night the two chums armed with a flashlight, lantern, and a short length of rope and wearing heavy slickers over their jackets, set out in the car through the steadily pelting rain. Driving was slow because of the downpour, and half an hour passed before they reached the Jenkins farm. The rain, instead of lessening, grew steadily worse, and on top of all this a savage wind came up, which blew the rain up against them in blinding sheets of icy water. Picking up the trail with the aid of the flashlight, they plodded into the storm with their heads down. Small limbs and branches blown off the trees, fell all around them, and the mud and slush oozed under their feet. They walked steadily along, saying nothing but staying close together as the prospect of spending such a night alone without shelter was anything but pleasant. Deep in their hearts both earnestly wished they were back in their warm homes, but pride and the derision that awaited them at home if they returned without reaching the trestle, spurred them on.

Finally Dolph broke the silence.

"Say, Bob, here's something we forgot. Suppose the trestle is down, how are we going to warn anyone? And the train is due along in about forty minutes by my watch."

"That's right, I was so enthused over discovering whether or not my theory was right, I forgot all about that, but we'll have to figure that out later. The main thing now is to see how the trestle's holding out."

After about fifteen minutes more they saw the giant structure looming out ahead of them in the eerie beam of the flashlight. At a glance it appeared to be intact but upon further investigation they saw that the farther end had settled down as the sandbanking had been washed away and the tracks were twisted and bent. For a moment or two the boys examined the tracks and the sunken trestle. Then Bob turned to Dolph. "That train will be along in about half an hour and we'll have to stop it somehow. We can't possibly start a fire because you couldn't find anything dry within miles of here, but I know what we can do—Get a stick about two inches thick and four feet long. Tie the rope to one end and be sure it's tight. When we hear the train, I'll soak my jacket in kerosene from the lantern, then tie it to the other end of the rope. Then when I light it and swing it in an arc, they can't help but see it."

Dolph's eyes glowed with pride at his friend's ingenuity, and they proceeded to carry out the plan. When the contrivance was completed, they walked up the track two or three hundred yards and settled down to wait.

Soon they heard the train whistling for a crossing, and in a short time they heard it coming up the track toward them. For a moment they were terrified, but they recollected their courage and ignited the kerosene soaked jacket. Swinging it wildly, they shouted at the top of their lungs. After a horrible moment when they thought they had failed, the great locomotive groaned, the wheels screeched in protest, but the train stopped just short of the trestle. The engineer came storming out of the cab and ran up to the two.

"What's the idea," he bellowed angrily, but when they explained the situation his gratitude knew no bounds.

The next day the boys and their exploit were the talk of the town. Congratulations were heaped on them from all sides, but the

thing that made them supremely happy was having their story of the washed-out trestle with their names signed to it appear on the front page of *The Globe* along with the promise of a full time job after their graduation from school.

### ADMONITION

By Marjorie Sayles

Have faith, my friend, whate'er you do,  
That God is just and true to you;  
Believing this you can go far,  
Regardless what the hardships are.

Have hope, my friend, for it will bring  
A world of joy to make you sing;  
When everything seems going wrong  
Have hope and lose your gloom in song.

Have love, my friend, and you will see  
How very full this life can be;  
Some little kindness shown a friend  
Will come back to you in the end.

Above all have the will to do  
What you, yourself, know to be true;  
Do what is right and you will be  
Following the One who died for thee.

### LEAP YEAR

By Edmund Bissailion

This year there is an extra day  
So boys should all be wary.  
The cause for this is, I should say,  
That girls are out to marry.

The extra day makes quite a diff;  
It gives the boys their turn  
To argue, well, perhaps, or if,  
And make the women burn.

Now, sometimes leap year is a pain  
To those it does affect;  
When some wild dame lassoes you  
And promptly wants to neck.

But we must bear it, as you see,  
Because it's a necessity.

## Envoy to Boston

By Robert Wood

EACH year, in order to promote better citizenship among the young women of our country, the Daughters of the American Revolution send forty-eight senior high-school girls to Washington, one

from each state in the Union. In cooperation with the D. A. R., the senior class and the faculty of P. H. S. chose Rita Senger to represent us at Boston, where the envoy from Massachusetts was selected on March 11.



from each state in the Union. In cooperation with the D. A. R., the senior class and the faculty of P. H. S. chose Rita Senger to represent us at Boston, where the envoy from Massachusetts was selected on March 11.

Most admirable of all Rita's qualifications for the honor which she won is the high esteem in which she is held by her classmates. Many a girl considers Rita a most reliable friend, and it may be said that her charming appearance and personality attract more than a few boys, too. A Past President of the Advere Campfire Group, Rita is now Chairman of the Advere Book Club. She is active in several church societies, and she works in the school office after two-thirty on school days.

While they were in Boston, Rita and the representatives from other high schools in the state visited some of the famed historical locations and buildings, climaxed by a tour through the State House. Here they chatted with Governor Saltonstall for half an hour. A banquet was given in their honor at the Copley Plaza, and it was here that the name of the lucky girl was drawn from a box containing the names of all the high school representatives from Massachusetts.

Naturally Rita was a little disappointed when she found that the name read was not hers, but she told me that her disappointment

### MY WISH

By Margaret Walsh

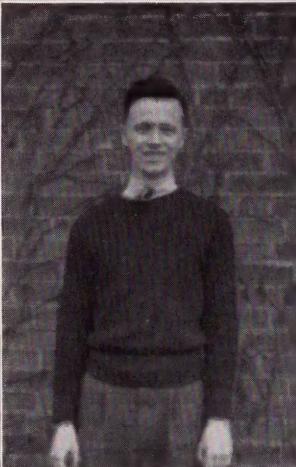
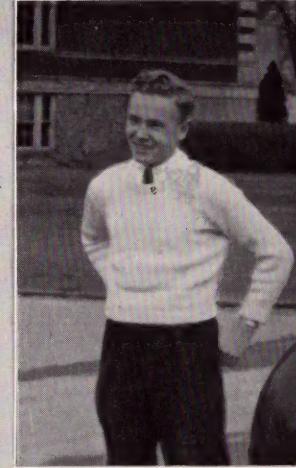
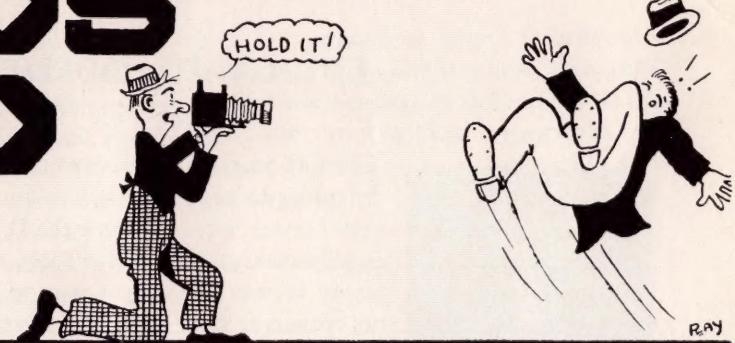
I wished upon a star tonight  
Before I went to sleep—  
The brightness of its silver light  
Into my dreams will creep.  
"Twill shine, then, till the deep blue night  
Gives way to lighter sky,  
Until the dancing sunbeams bright  
Proclaim that morn is nigh.  
My lovely dream will stay with me  
Till dawn comes peeping thru  
And then,—yes, then I'll wake and find  
My eager wish come true.

### JUST BETWEEN US

By Loraine Dakin

If you're no genius  
Don't fret, be gay,  
Rejoice, give thanks, be glad!  
If you can't sing  
Or act or write,  
Be joyful 'stead of sad!  
For if you've health  
And can run and laugh  
When things are, oh, so bad—  
And keep your chin up  
When the going's tough—  
You've the best things to be had.

# WHO'S WHO



April, 1940

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## MERMAID

Gurgle gurgle . . . Come on in, the water's fine!! Ye gods and little fishes, swim up and shake a fin with Margaret Ward, one of Neptune's daughters. She captained the varsity swimming team in '39 and took second place, backcrawl, in the Junior New England meet this year. Playing every sport listed, she hopes one day to be a Physical Education teacher. She adores popcorn and tall blonde young men (who doesn't?) but dislikes arguing intensely. She confessed that her pet hate is cheating or cheaters of any sort and that English can sink her where no amount of graham cracker pie could do so.

## HORSE-LOVER

This, youngsters, is "happy-go-lucky" treasurer of the senior class, Mary Ann Carnevale by name. Like a great many of us, Mary Ann just dotes on riding, and thinks there's nothing like a good horse. However, she can, when she has to, think of other pleasant sports such as swimming and hiking and also biking—She is the perfect example of the much publicized "outdoor girl". A very amiable, easy-to-please person is Mary Ann, who confesses her chief weakness is jelly beans! Ambition? To own a string of thoroughbred horses.

## CAPITALIST

"Oh, the flowers that bloom in the spring tra, la . . ." A perfect specimen of spring fever is the handsome Chairman of the Senior Picture Committee . . . Arthur Peltasalo. Eating almost anything, he'll do anything within reason for a steak smothered in mushrooms (and who wouldn't?). He dislikes, as many men do, shopping with a woman . . . even a brunette, which type (miracles!) he prefers. His highest aspiration (ambition to you) is to be wealthy with a capital "W". Well, curly blonde hair and nice blue eyes have worked wonders before—time will tell.

## RADIO HERO

Through rain and snow he rides to school on his trusty bike to bring to the vast radio audience the thrilling accents of P. H. S.'s golden voiced leading man. Vice President of the Senior class and mystery fan is . . . Robert Wood. Liking vanilla ice cream sodas and nice big chocolate cake, he dares to admit that his pet hate is "swing music". Calm and cool even when crossing the Delaware, our hero confesses that anonymous phone calls get him riled. (Ah, what price fame plus a pair of lovely blue eyes!!) In spite of his brilliant career in the radio drama, Bob declares very seriously that he wants to be a pathologist. (Use your own dictionary, please.)

## DOLORES

One of Popeye's mortal enemies is Dolores Dondi, who shudders at the thought of eating spinach. Dora is the vice president of the senior class, and treasurer of Tri-Hi, being vice president of the Hi-Y Council, too. Rowdy boys aren't her idea of very much fun, but mmm! chocolate cake and Cary Grant most certainly are. We find Dora an enthusiastic champion for the cause of good music. Skiing in the winter and tennis in the summer consume a major part of what spare time she has, while photography affords her a pleasant year-round diversion.

## SKIER

Another ski enthusiast is Al Polito, nicknamed Polly, who practically lives, eats, and sleeps that sport. Al hasn't yet thoroughly mastered those two demons of English, spelling and punctuation. Commas, semi-colons, periods, and question marks are his ruination. We find, though, that his greatest weakness is a predilection for delicious cream-puffs—the sissy! As you may imagine his spare time—in winter anyway—is well taken up with skiing. He modestly declares that he just wants to make history.



## The Younger Generation

Did you ever wonder where a teacher got the "will to go on?" Well, may we present a few of the "wills"—the faculty's offspring.

1. ANN SHERIDAN: 18 months. *Her Pet Passion*—torturing the dog. *Favorite Saying*—"Bye." *Her Ambition*—"To live up to her name." *The Proud Father's*—"To have her lead a happy life."

2. JUDITH ANN McCARTHY: 2 years, 3 months. *Favorite Pastime*—rearranging furniture. *Favorite Saying*—"Oh, Johnny." *Evident Ambition*—Interior decorating. *The Father's*—"To help the children realize theirs."

3. JANE McCARTHY: age 3 years, 6 months. *Favorite Pastime*—Seeing to it that her sister is properly reared. *Cutest Saying*—"Take your elbows off the table!" *Ambition*—"To be big."

4. JOHN E. JOYCE, III: 11 months. *His Favorite Pastime*—Eating. *Favorite Saying*—"Bow wow." *His Ambition*—"To boss the house." *The Proud Father's*—"To have him be another Bing Crosby."

5. JOHN ROWAN LEAHY: two years, one month. *Favorite Pastime*—Bragging about his baby sister. *Favorite Saying*—"Hi-daddy!" *His Ambition*—"Watching trains go by." *The Proud Father's*—"To have him play with the Yankees."

(The other addition to the Leahy family arrived too late to go to press.)

6. SALLY ANN REAGAN: four years. *Favorite Pastime*—Trying to keep up with her older brothers. *Her Ambition*—New one every day.

7. JOHN F. REAGAN: nine months. *Favorite Pastime*—"Eating and sleeping." *His Ambition*—"Questionable," says daddy.

8. EDWARD NORMAN HERBERG: 6½ years. *Pet Passion*—Shooting guns of any size, shape or calibre. *Favorite Saying*—"Read the funnies to me." *His Ambition*—Cannot decide whether to be a second "Lone Ranger" or help his father write mathematics' books. *Father's Ambition*—"Let him enjoy his boyhood and grow into a happy, useful manhood."

9. JAMES W. REAGAN: eight years. *Favorite Pastime*—Reading. *His Ambition*—Varies daily.

9. ROBERT F. REAGAN: six years. *Favorite Pastime*—Playing baseball (he and Mr. Leahy's pride 'n joy ought to get together). *His Ambition*—To be a "big league" star.

10. LOIS ELLEN REYNOLDS: three years, eight months. *Favorite Pastime*—Playing phonograph records. *Favorite Saying*—"Mummy, are you going to have me go?" *Her Ambition*—A secret at present. *The Proud Daddy's*—"That she may realize her ambition and accomplish something worthwhile."

10. MAUREEN ELIZABETH REYNOLDS: seven months. *Pet Pastime*—Eating and sleeping. *Favorite Saying*—"Goo!" *Her Ambition*—"To continue to eat and sleep." *The Proud Father's*—"That she may successfully follow in her sister's footsteps."

11. KATHLEEN McMAHON: 3½ years. *Favorite Saying*—"Why?" *Favorite Pastime*—Asking questions her father can't answer. *Her Ambition*—"To go to school" *The Proud Parents'*—"May she attain hers."

We hope you have enjoyed our little visit with the faculty's children and may we, with all due respect to the faculty, say—

"We hope the children grow up to be even more brilliant than their parents."



#### SENIOR NOTES

The senior class pictures have been received—with many different reactions. An agreeable distraction to distasteful study these pictures have proven to be.

College board classes have begun for the benefit of those poor individuals who are aiming at a college career.

The Cap and Gown measurements have been taken. The gowns this year, being of a deep purple gabardine, have met with various and sundry comments, not many of which are complimentary. However, if something new is to be done—it's going to be the class of '40 that will do it!

#### JUNIOR NOTES

Well, Juniors, the worst is over and we have passed the halfway mark on our long voyage to Seniorship. A Red Letter Day on the journey is the Prom which everyone is anticipating with great delight. All the committee have been chosen and progress for the great event is rapid.

To Juniors who are starting their half year of English: don't be discouraged. Even Shakespeare had a word to say about homework when he wrote in Macbeth, "If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well it were done quickly." (Sh-don't tell anybody but he really wasn't talking about homework)

Roses to Olga Massimiano for her fine playing in the orchestra spring concert. It was grand, and we are hoping to hear more soon.

Pockets and guilty consciences were lightened early in March when class dues were paid. Praise is due our treasurer, Leonard Volk for the new system by which much waiting is saved through collections in various rooms.

#### SOPHOMORE NOTES

The Sophs have just finished the ordeal of their first essays. Everybody agrees that the topic, "What Motor Trucks Have Done For My City" did not prove as much of a success as could be hoped, but regardless, at least one prize winner is expected from the youngest class in the school, so that our teachers may be justly proud of us.

If there is any doubt in the Juniors' mind concerning the success of the Prom, let it be gone. They have the Sophs' wholehearted co-operation and we intend to make the attendance record hit a new high on May 24.

The Sophomore Latin classes have begun at last on the immortal Caesar. The day has come when we commence to translate those world-famous lines "Gallia est omnis divisa in tres partes." Good luck, and don't let those Romans get you down!

## DUMB ANIMALS?

On March 11 a talk by Mr. Al Priddy gave us just cause to doubt the veracity of the well-known idea that animals are dumb. Relating his travels with a well-known circus, he captured the interest of us all, holding it throughout the lecture. Some of his hair-raising escapades with wild beasts we did not envy, but as thrillers they were marvelous! He told us about the elephants, tigers, lions, and chimpanzees whose activities are a constant source of excitement. He impressed us—although we really knew before—with the fact that the brains of animals are highly developed, debunking the "dumb animal" fallacy.

## YOUTHFUL OSCAR LEVANTS

On the evening of March 15, Mr. Carl Gorman conducted the first of a series of concerts to be given each year by our Pittsfield High School Orchestra. Together with the concert, the five pupils who had the highest marks in the class of Music Appreciation competed in a final Music Memory Contest. Miss Gracemarie Shafer won first prize, which was one adult and one student ticket to the Community Concert Series of 1940-1941. The entire program was excellent and was greatly enjoyed by all who attended. It proved to the audience that our orchestra is worthy of the praise it receives from everyone who hears it. The interest shown in this concert should increase in a large degree next year if the music will be as well-conducted and well-presented as it was this year.

## THE DEBATING CLUB

The number of members of the Debating Club has been increasing of late, and its book of activities has been well-filled. The members of the Lee High Debating Club were the guests of our team at a Panel Discussion on March 27. The subject was "The Benefit of Intramural and Interscholastic Activities."

## MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The new semester brought a welcome increase in membership. The former constitution of the club has been revised.

Those who were able to go attended Margaret Mitchell's famous "Gone With The Wind", giving the following topics:

First half of story—Olive Eurbin  
Second half of story—Victoria Ruperto  
Life of Margaret Mitchell—Frances De Cario  
Character sketch of Gerald O'Hara—Mary Ruperto.

On March 15 the club saw Booth Tarkington's immortal "Seventeen" and found it as enjoyable as the play presented by the class of January 1939. Topics were given.

Life of Tarkington—Dorothy Collins  
Report of January class play—Mary Denno  
Character of Willie Baxter—Mary Ruperto  
Character of Lola Pratt—Olive Eurbin  
Character of Jane, the little sister—Ruth Garner

## HI-Y

On the twelfth of March the baby Y organization of the school, the Tri-Y held a successful Parents' Night. A regular meeting was held with fifteen parents present. Mrs. Hawley, the guest speaker, gave the girls many useful pointers on "How To Be Popular." With a return engagement on March 19, the girls should know the secret of popularity.

The Tri-Hi and the Gi-Y groups held a joint meeting the twelfth of March with Miss Nellie Parker as guest speaker discussing Responsibility. Our Latin teacher, Miss Catherine Nagle, spoke to the girls on the nineteenth about her travels.

Wendell Helmolt, member of the Chess Club, won the city championship last month, and will be a delegate to the state chess tournament.



By Margaret Walsh

**S**ANDERSON SMITH has written a book on the art of swimming and diving, and he has called it "Swimming Is Fun." And it really is—and easy too—when you follow Mr. Smith's lessons which give very helpful hints. Come on, fellas, wouldn't you like to visit the mermaids this summer?

One of the newest books on careers is Margery Bianco's "Other People's Houses." It's the story of a small-town girl who is forced to leave family and friends and "make her way" in a big city. It is a most enjoyable book for all young girls.

"Delightful" is the word for the novel, "Bright Island," by Mabel Robinson. It is so delightful, in fact, that you'll want to read it at least twice. Leaving her beloved home for an education is painful for a young girl, but the experiences of this girl will certainly captivate your interest. Don't forget to put your name on the reserve list.

Come up to the library at any time for reference work, or for pleasant hours of reading. We'll be waiting for you!

Among new titles added to the Library, including several gifts, are the following:

Train, "From the District Attorney's Office."  
Wickersham, "Old Yukon  
De Kruif, "Microbe Hunters"  
Werner, "Barnum"  
Kellock, "Houdini—His Life Story"  
Buck, "Fighting Angel"  
Wiggam, "The Next Age of Man"  
Brewer, "Introductory Business Training"  
Cheney, "A Primer of Modern Art"  
Harding, "Tragedies Old and New"  
"Industry" (Magazine)

## SEEN AND HEARD ABOUT THE SCHOOL

Funny books... Georgie Walsh writing "Yours" in someone's little book (three guesses)... Enter 308 at your own risk! There's a feud raging on Mondays and Wednesdays... Romance in the library (not in the books, either!)... Spring fever in large doses. Ken Weeks trying to decide whether the lighter side of life is more interesting than the brunette... more funny books... Peggy Walsh looking very pleased about something. The Editor tearing his curly locks asunder... Mary Jane Keeney corrupting someone's "good behavior"...

Miss Nagle's calendar of "important" events... Donald Lord, Champion Life Saver (Eater)... One of the Grady twins and a very pretty young lady... Bob Finnegan returning after an overdose of Easter (yeah, he got a basket!)... Some very interesting debating material materializing from Lee... Fred "Superman" Thrane eating lunch while Don "Shadow" Clark trails a

brunette through the halls... Movies becoming very popular with the various science classes (from a very scientific standpoint, of course)... Mr. Lynch having a terrible time borrowing elastic bands even in the interests of experiment (we hear he never returns them tsk, tsk)... Charlie McCarty's sunny face, a bit cloudy... still more funny books.

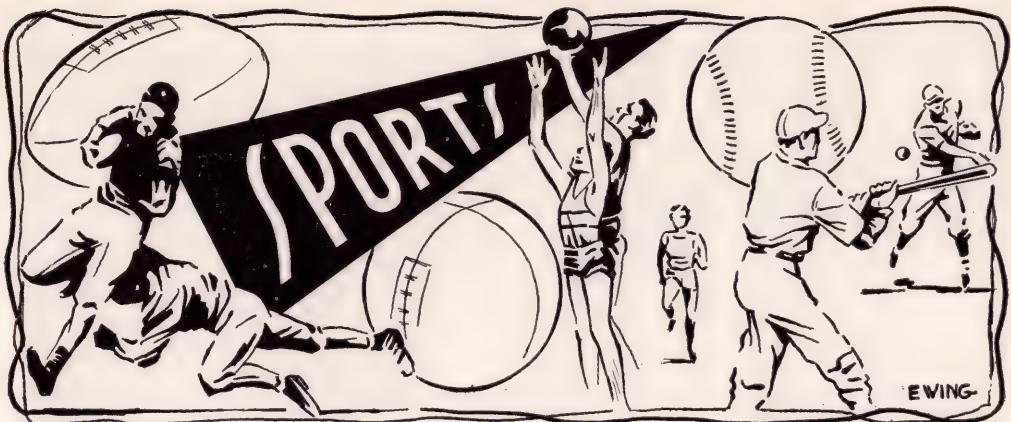
In a Latin class a correction was made by the teacher that the word "quarrel" is feminine.

"Of course, aren't they always?" returned a bright one.

Now what do you say, girls?

The movies certainly offer a three-fold blessing:—You can fold up the homework, unfold an enjoyable movie before his eyes, or just plain fold up and take a nap.

These ribbon manufacturers must be doing a rushing business, for it's hard to find a girl in P. H. S. without a bow somewhere in her curls.



## BASKETBALL REVIEW

By Joseph Tagliente

The record of this year's team is just the opposite of last year's. Last year Pittsfield started the season with a green squad which, due to its inexperience, lost a few of its first contests but finished the season in a blaze of glory. This year's squad, with experienced men like Frank Moynihan, and Gene Quirk, was looking forward to a successful season.

Pittsfield started off well beating Adams, Williamstown, St. Joseph (N. A.), and Bennington and swamping Lee, Lenox, and Dalton. Pittsfield met its Waterloo in St. Joseph, which inflicted a bitter 25-19 defeat on her. Following this, Pittsfield lost eight straight games and did not break into the win column until she met weak Dalton, giving her a thorough trouncing. Then came the upset of the season. With Joe McGill's sensational scoring of seventeen points, P. H. S. defeated a formidable Saint quintet, 30-29, in an exciting, close contest. In the third and deciding game the Purple and White were turned back to the tune of 23-15.

The mainstays of our squad were forwards Capt. Moynihan and Joe McGill and Guard Gene Quirk. Johnny Grady and Carl Heidel complete the first quintet with Frank Li-mardi playing a great deal. Moynihan and McGill with 140 and 124 points respectively are fourth and fifth high scorers in the league. After graduation has taken its toll, Flossic, Heidel, Masterson, Francis, Hopkins, and

Rosanski, all juniors, will remain in addition to material from the junior varsity. Next year's mainstays will probably be Eddie Flossic, diminutive forward, and Carl Heidel, a giant center. We hope these boys will help bring home the Berkshire County Championship.

### THE SEASON'S RECORD

Pittsfield	50	Lee	33
Pittsfield	29	Adams	21
Pittsfield	41	Lenox	29
Pittsfield	45	Dalton	19
Pittsfield	37	Williamstown	32
Pittsfield	31	St. Joseph (N.A.)	27
Pittsfield	31	Bennington	25
St. Joseph	25	Pittsfield	19
Drury	32	Pittsfield	29
St. Joseph (N.A.)	26	Pittsfield	21
Searles	27	Pittsfield	21
Williamstown	30	Pittsfield	28
Drury	46	Pittsfield	29
Bennington	43	Pittsfield	26
Adams	27	Pittsfield	20
Pittsfield	45	Dalton	31
Pittsfield	30	St. Joseph	29
St. Joseph	23	Pittsfield	15

### ST. JOE TAKES CITY TITLE

By Fred Cande

Before a fine crowd of sixteen hundred at the State Armory March 13, the purple clad hoopsters of P. H. S. were stymied in their quest of the city title when "Pete" Poulin led his St. Joe team to a 15-23 decision in the de-

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ciding game. Both teams were below par and the basketball was not of the best. It was hard for Pittsfield fans to resign themselves to defeat after the thrilling victory in the second game, but to give credit where it is due, the green quintet played better ball and earned the win. The skill of the Pittsfield squad was shown in the way every man was closely guarded. St. Joe got off to a 2-4 lead in the first quarter and never was headed, leading 3-6 at the quarter, 7-12 at half time and 9-18 at the three quarter mark. The final score, of course, was 15-23. Joe McGill got six points for P. H. S., while "Pete" Poulin with eight and Fred Zilch with seven led the scoring for the Saints. Undoubtedly the best shot of the game was made by McGill, who caged a double-counter while lying flat on his back.

### PITTSFIELD SURPRISES ST. JOE

By Joseph Tagliente

A supposedly doomed Pittsfield quintet scored an upset victory over St. Joe on March 1 at the Armory. McGill started the game off by scoring, taking a pass from Quirk. Shortly after, McGill hooped a beautiful one-handed shot. Pete Poulin, Captain of St. Joseph's, then made two foul shots, St. Joe's only score of the quarter. Captain Moynihan of Pittsfield completed two beautiful baskets to make the score, Pittsfield 9, St. Joe 2 at the quarter.

Much fouling was characteristic of the second quarter. Quadrozzi of the Saints began the scoring by making two charity shots. Shortly afterwards he made a floor goal. McGill completed a foul shot and Quadrozzi basketed the sphere. Heidel then scored on a follow-up shot. Bobby Breen, not the child movie actor, but St. Joe's high scorer of the evening, completed a foul shot and a little later, receiving a pass from Quadrozzi, tallied from the floor. Alert Frank Moynihan picked up a loose ball and scored. The half ended, Pittsfield 15, St. Joe 11.

McGill, receiving a pass from Quirk, scored at the beginning of the third quarter. Zilch scored a basket for the Saints from the side. Breen intercepted a Pittsfield pass and scored. Joe McGill sank a goal from the right side of the court. A Breen basket and foul shot kept St. Joe at a close margin. After McGill hooped the ball, LiMardi replaced Heidel, who had made four personals. McGill completed a hoop on his favorite shot. Breen later sank two charity shots, making four foul shots in one period.

At the start of the fourth stanza, Breen played a one-man game by stealing the ball and dribbling in to basket it. Broderick then scored after Satrappe missed. A Moynihan foul shot and a McGill basket kept Pittsfield in the game at this desperate moment. McGill, following Li Mardi's miss, tallied, putting Pittsfield in the lead for keeps. Quirk sank a pretty shot from the corner which established Pittsfield's lead. Breen, taking the sphere from out of bounds, scored with one minute remaining. Poulin, getting a chance to tie the score, missed a foul shot. The Saints had a last chance to attain victory but Quadrozzi missed. The game ended, Pittsfield 30, St. Joseph 29.

The outstanding players and high scorers of the game were McGill of Pittsfield and Breen of St. Joe, who tallied 17 and 15 points respectively. Gene Quirk excelled at his guard position.

### PITTSFIELD SWAMPS DALTON, 45-31

By Joseph Tagliente

The P. H. S. hoopsters gave a Dalton quintet a trimming at Dalton on Friday, February 23. This game pulled Pittsfield out of a long losing streak; the papertown five have not yet won a game. The Purple-and-White built up an early lead which she held to the last minute of play; the Dalton players didn't even threaten Pittsfield.



Gunnar Hagstrom, captain of the P. H. S. nine in 1937, a sophomore at Williams, is a candidate for the varsity nine there.

Peter Barreca, a Pittsfield High graduate of 1935, was named editor of the College Quarterly of Massachusetts State College, where he is a junior.

John Kellar, P. H. S. '34, the captain-elect of the Holy Cross eleven, is a member of the club sponsoring the annual Easter Dinner-Dance at Holy Cross where he is a junior. He is a likely candidate for the golf team this spring.

George Merritt of the class of 1939 is also a member of the committee for the annual Easter affair at Holy Cross, where he is a freshman.

Phyllis Sullivan, who graduated 'way back in 1931, has the honor of being the first Berkshire County woman admitted to the Massachusetts bar in nearly fifty years. She is a graduate of Trinity College and of Tufts Law School.

Virginia Wade, a senior at Smith College, and a 1936 graduate of Pittsfield High, has been elected to the national honorary society of Phi Beta Kappa.

Some of our alumni who are home for the Easter vacation are:

Gordon Barrett—a West Point prep.  
Charlotte MacKelvie—Bates College  
Louise MacDermott—Springfield College  
Catherine Carroll—Massachusetts State College

Dorothy Shelton—Emerson School of Oratory

Doris Menard—Green Mountain Junior College

Macie Williams—Green Mountain Junior College

Alma Ulig—Russell Sage College

Eileen Baker—Syracuse

Edward Gardner—Penn. State College of Forestry

Jane Hanley—A freshman at the College of New Rochelle has been pledged to the "Long Distance" club and has joined the Glee Club and Music Club.

Virginia Davis at Katherine Gibbs has joined the Sailing Club which will begin in the spring.

Gersen Rosenthal at Dartmouth has joined the Ski Team, which is an honor at that particular college.

Jack Talbot at the Darrow School, New Lebanon, has been busy playing hockey, soccer and skiing. He plays center on the hockey team. He is also president of the Photography Club.

Louise McEachron at the Green Castle in Indiana was pledged to the Delta Zeta Sorority.

Johnny Spasyk, a sophomore at the University of Vermont, is a candidate for the varsity baseball squad. The team opens the season with the Navy at Annapolis on March 30.

Marian Phelps is at Emerson College in Boston.

William Walters at Bates is a member of the college band and also of the college dance orchestra.

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